

# EL PASO DAILY HERALD

## SATURDAY SUPPLEMENT

EL PASO, TEXAS, SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1898.

### "BUCKEY" O'NEILL.

Arizona Miner, Scout, Judge, Sheriff, Mayor, Gambler, Dead Shot, Soldier, Hero, and All Around Good Fellow.

New York Journal.

Captain "Buckey" O'Neill, the most picturesque man of the west, was among the first to go down in that thrilling charge of the Rough Riders up the hills at San Juan, in the campaign before Santiago.

A brave spirit and a unique character, "Buckey" O'Neill was known from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and

it toward a Spaniard, and you can rest assured that one more Spaniard will bid his godfather, the devil, good morning.

"Buckey" then went to the front, ready to give his Colt all the bucking in sight. He wrote his friend Thurlow Weed Barnes a letter from San Antonio, which closed with these characteristic lines:

"I am ready to take all the chances. Who would not gamble for a new star in the flag?"

"Buckey's" sobriquet was acquired through his willingness to "buck" any game ever heard of. He "bucked" every obstacle in his path, too, and into the respect of his fellow man.

hot on the trail of a train robber. The best of that interesting story has not been told. It was this: Buckey followed the man, seen on horseback, for over 300 miles, and although he gained, still the man kept a lead, and, finally, as the Mexican boundary was almost reached—a boundary that meant freedom to the fugitive—Buckey arrived at a farm house just toward nightfall, and discovered that the man had stolen the best horse from the stable and gone on, about five or six hours in advance.

Though worn out, it was plainly Buckey's only chance, and that a slim one, to dash right ahead without even waiting for a meal, and he at once took upon the trail that led him directly out upon the last stretch of country this side of the Mexican frontier. It was a trackless desert, and Buckey had gone four miles when he saw, in the bright moonlight, a strange figure approaching. Riding up it proved to be the man he sought, who had discovered and recognized him, and immediately upon so doing had detached from behind him on the horse a woman whom he had been carrying, and straight away a fusillade between the two men began.

It was sharp, quick work, and in a moment Buckey had shot his antagonist in the shoulder and the man had thrown up his hands.

Making fast the prisoner, Buckey turned his attention to the woman, and discovered that she was a school teacher from the hamlet he had lately passed through, and that the train robber had run across her, lost, and fainting from fatigue and exposure in the desert, whereupon he, although in sight of liberty, had restored the woman by giving her whiskey and had then put her on his horse and retraced his steps, in order to get her back within easy reach of her home. This accounted for his capture.

The woman begged Buckey to let the man go, but, although sorely tempted to do so, he refused, and conveyed his prisoner back to Arizona, where he was sentenced to life imprisonment at Yuma.

The woman was a well-born New England girl. As soon as her health was restored she went to Arizona, besought the governor to pardon the prisoner, and finally succeeded in securing the pardon, though she had to

tion to his employers, got all the backing he required.

As a result, Buckey won easily, and while he was rejoicing with the money he had accumulated word came to him that the fair one from Mexico was again heading in his direction. This time he took a train and did not stop until he reached San Francisco, where he went to work on the Chronicle.

"I could not shoot a woman, Thurlow," he said to me, "and she could and would have shot me. So I had to light out."

After a time funds ran low in San Francisco, and another typesetting match was arranged. Buckey won it all right, but just before the \$5,000 was paid over it was discovered that Mr. "Owen" was really Buckey O'Neill, and the wager was declared off. There was a good deal of feeling aroused over the incident, and Buckey went to Honolulu, where he worked on a native paper edited by Dan Lyons.

In later years he drifted back to Arizona, and there became an Arizona county judge. Then he ran for sheriff, and was elected handsomely. His various achievements as the head official of Prescott still supply the theme for many stories. He once followed three train robbers from Canyon Diablo, Arizona, where they had held up a passenger coach, through Arizona, Colorado and Utah, capturing and bringing them back alone. It was always thought that the Apache Kid was in the deal, but he was not caught at that time.

During Buckey's occupancy of the sheriff's office in Prescott he killed five men who defied him and the law. Yet a more merciful, tender-hearted and sympathetic man never lived.

That he had friends is shown by reason of the fact that when he was elected mayor of Prescott there was but one vote against him.

I have always had an idea that Buckey O'Neill cast that vote himself.

### Not the Same

Perry Patetic—Do you know, stranger, that I used to be a man addicted to stimulants?

Stranger—It is possible? When?

Perry Patetic—Oh! a long time ago, when I had money; I am only a weak now.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### Gridley's Story of Manila.

Special Correspondence New York Tribune.

Nagasaki, Japan, June 4, via San Francisco, June 25.—High on the list of the heroes of the battle of Manila should be written the name of Captain Charles V. Gridley, veteran commander of the flagship Olympia.

He went into the fight a dangerously sick man and left it a physical wreck.

Four months before the fight Gridley was attacked with an affection of the liver, so common in the Orient, and grew so seriously ill that on the eve of the Manila battle the bed, and not the bridge was his place. But he was not the man to heed the official medical "condemnation" passed upon him, and insisted upon remaining on his ship.

No man has a right to expect from his wife what he expects from his part does not give her. If he wants her sympathy he must give his consideration. If a man lacks the element of consideration he should cultivate it, and cultivate it not for the benefit of his friends but for those in and of his home. Consideration should begin at home; not in the homes of friends, as it so often does—and ends there, too. The atmosphere which a man creates in his home by example becomes the rule by which his children live. The husband and father strikes the keynote for right or wrong living.

He rallied, however, and when seen this afternoon by a Tribune correspondent, he was somewhat improved. In his eyes, however, there burns the fire of fever. His face is drawn and his hands are ebony.

"I feel sorry," Captain Gridley said, "for those boys they are sending out to Manila. They are in more danger from the scourges of the country than from Spanish bullets. The heat is simply damnable, and they are sure to be killed. The fleet has been singularly free from illness, but I fear it will come. I have no desire to criticize any plan of the government, or to stand against the wishes of the people, but I see nothing in those islands for us, except a coaling station. Not one in ten of our best men could survive there. However, I suppose we must have troops there for a time, but the sun, and not the Spaniard, is their enemy."

"The captured transport Manila will probably be sent to San Francisco. She is a fine 1,300-ton ship and her cargo will be made up of what was captured. Hundreds of new Mauser

### The Man in His Home.

"The seclusion of a home gives to a man a certain freedom and attendant privileges which no other place in the world affords, and it is right that it should," writes Edward Bok of "The Man in His Home," in the Ladies Home Journal. "But it is not right that this freedom and those privileges should be abused to the disadvantage of the life. Too many men seem to have the idea that they can drop into constant disconsolate and churlish moods at home with their wives which in any other place and by any other person would not be tolerated. It is when a man is within the walls of his home that he is himself. Then it is that he should be at his best. When a man gives the best that is within him to those closest to him, his home will be the ideal place that he wishes it to be. No man has a right to expect from his wife what he expects from his part does not give her. If he wants her sympathy he must give his consideration. If a man lacks the element of consideration he should cultivate it, and cultivate it not for the benefit of his friends but for those in and of his home. Consideration should begin at home; not in the homes of friends, as it so often does—and ends there, too. The atmosphere which a man creates in his home by example becomes the rule by which his children live. The husband and father strikes the keynote for right or wrong living."

### Uses For Old Newspapers.

An exchange offers this hint about old newspapers. Don't throw them away; they cost practically nothing, and are so useful for domestic purposes. Dipped in cold water they make the best window cleaners; just rub the windows over with the wet paper, and they are clean with very little labor. Crush some paper in the hand and rub the cooking stove over when the cooking is finished; it removes the grease quickly, and keeps the stove in capital order if it is done frequently, so that the grease does not corrode. Rub the hair brushes every morning with a pad of paper; it removes the dust. A piece of newspaper rolled into a ball or pad is a good substitute for a saucepan brush. A few newspapers, perforated with small holes for ventilation, tacked to a blanket, make a very warm and comfortable bed covering on cold nights. Spills for lighting lamps and candles are most useful, but are not always to be found even in well-regulated households, and yet in idle moments dozens can be made out of an old newspaper. Again, torn into small shreds (a nice amusement for a child, by the way), curled up and put into a washing tick, they make a clean and wholesome bed for the baby, and can be constantly renewed. Lastly, a few folds of newspaper under the cake tin prevents it burning while in the oven.

### Convincing.

Laura—Fudge! I'm not afraid to go to the seashore. There isn't the slightest danger that the Spaniards will put in an appearance at any of the resorts this summer.

Edith—Why are you so positive about it?

Laura—How could they hope to visit any of those places without getting into engagements? And engagements, you know, are the very things they are trying to avoid.—Cleveland Leader.

### Enough Said.

Kickham—"Fifteen dollars for an Easter bonnet? You must think I have money to burn, my dear."

Mrs. Kickham—"Well, he can't you?"

Another box of cigars came to-day.—Harper's Bazar.

### Forcing an Issue.

He—We must devise some plan for getting your father's consent to our marriage.

She—Well, we—er—might put our heads together.—Brooklyn Life.

### An Arab Proverb.

Who can affirm that the mule entered the jug? asks the Chicago Inter-Ocean, and replies to the proverb-quest in the following strain.

"This proverb is frequently quoted to show that, though one may conscientiously believe in a thing which may seem extravagant in itself, it is better not to repeat it for fear of being disbelieved. It arises from the following Arabic legend. An Arab who denied the existence of gnuil bought a mule and took it home. When performing his evening ablutions he saw the mule enter into jug, and this so scared him that he ran shouting to neighbors and told them what he had seen. They, thinking him mad, endeavored to appease him, but all in vain; he vociferated more and more, so that the authorities sent him to the madhouse. When the doctor came to see him he repeated the account of what he had seen, whereupon the doctor ordered him to be deputed to the great joy of his family and friends. On making his ablutions as before he again saw the mule, this time peeping out of the jug, but on his occasion he contented himself with remarking to the mule: 'Oh, yes, I see you well enough, but who would believe me? And I have had enough of the madhouse. Needless to say that the gnuil, to avenge themselves for his disbelief in them, had transformed one of themselves into a mule, and as such entered the jug.'"

### Polish Girls Like Our Girls.

Lillian Bell, in Ladies Home Journal.

I could not fail to notice the difference in the young girls, as soon as I crossed the Russian frontier and came into the land of the Slav. Here at once I found an individuality. Polish girls are more like American girls. If you ask a young English girl what she thinks of Victor Hugo she tells you that her mamma does not allow her to read French novels. If you ask a French girl how she likes to live in Paris she tells you that she never went down town alone in her life.

But the Polish girls are different. They are individual. They have a personality. When you have met one you never feel as if you had met all. In this respect they resemble American girls, but only in this respect, for, whereas, there is a type of Polish young girl—and a charming type she is—I never in my life saw what I considered a typical American girl. You cannot typify the psychic charm of the young American girl.

### Incorrect.

"The perfect man," one of them read from the paper, "should be six feet two and one half inches in height."

"Not at all," returned little Miss Petite, with decision: "not while the perfect woman remains my height."—Chicago Post.

### Dick's Storm.

Mother—What are Richard and your father storming about?

Daughter—Oh! Dick's trying to raise the wind again.—Detroit Free Press.

### Forcing an Issue.

He—We must devise some plan for getting your father's consent to our marriage.

She—Well, we—er—might put our heads together.—Brooklyn Life.



his epitaph cannot be better epitomized than by his own graphic phrase, written just before the departure from Tampa, "Who would not gamble for a new star in the flag?" "Buckey" gambled and lost, and the Rough Riders are mourning a gallant fighter, a man who never knew fear, who had shot five men in his day, and who went to the front at the head of three hundred intrepid Arizona citizens, all as anxious and as proud to die as Buckey did—with his boots on and his face to the enemy.

William Owen O'Neill was born of Irish parentage in St. Louis in 1860. Coming east with his mother and brothers he graduated from the National Law school of the District of Columbia. Later, out of seventy-two applicants for assistant paymaster of the navy, he passed at the head.

There was some delay in making the appointment, and O'Neill, chafing for action, went to Arizona, where, at different periods, he edited the Arizona Miner, the Phoenix Herald, and the Hoof and Horn, a cattleman's organ.

Clear headed and somewhat prophetic, he decided that Arizona was the place to get a foothold. He got a half interest in several good mining properties, and his wonderful energy and leadership began to assert itself. The miners came to him to settle their quarrels; the rangers accepted him as the court of final appeal, so equitable and just were his rulings. Finally he was elected judge of Yavapai county, and sat on the bench for some time.

Subsequently he was elected sheriff for three consecutive terms, and while in that office demonstrated his courage and fearlessness. None of the desperadoes of Arizona ran amuck more than once in Sheriff O'Neill's bailiwick. O'Neill was the best armed man in the territory and also the best shot.

Finally, after many ups and downs, with desperate chances and five fights with six-shooters, in which he got the drop on law breakers, he retired as sheriff of Yavapai county and moved to Prescott, Ariz., where he ran three times for congress, being defeated in each instance by a small majority. His next political venture was to run for mayor of Prescott. He was elected unanimously, and the teeny vote against him was cast by himself. Every man, woman and child in Arizona knew and loved him "Buckey," and every one called him.

When the war broke out Buckey had been living a somewhat quiet and uneventful life. When Roosevelt's regiment was being formed, he quickly decided to raise a company, and he got a quota of troops together with such rapidity that President McKinley sent him a telegram of thanks. There was not a man in Arizona who would not have been glad to die by "Buckey" O'Neill's side.

Nearly three hundred cowboys, miners, citizens, and politicians of Arizona enlisted under him, and the whole company rode down to San Antonio and was received with open arms.

The women of Prescott presented him with a silk flag (the first raised near Sevilla, Cuba) and the men presented him with a revolver. Judge Ling made the presentation speech in these words:

"Major O'Neill, we want to give you a mount. It is not full grown, but merely a Colt. We tell you that it bucks. Every time it bucks head

his father was Captain John O'Neill of the famous Irish Brigade of the second army corps during the war of the rebellion. His brother, Eugene Brady O'Neill, is now on his way to Manila, a first lieutenant of volunteers.

His wife still lives to mourn the man who, no matter where he happened to be when away from home, wrote her a letter every day. Even in his pursuit of criminals over the deserts of Arizona and Colorado "Buckey" penned a few lines to Pauline on a scrap of paper and sent it back by any stranger whom he met on the highway.

None knew him better than Thurlow Weed Barnes, his dearest and best friend, as the rear story of "Buckey's" life will show.

### BY THURLOW WEED BARNES.

To the Editor of the Journal:

The reason why Buckey O'Neill was a such charmingly picturesque character was this: He had experienced so many desperate chances and hairbreadth escapes, he had such tremendous personal courage, amounting, in fact, to absolute indifference to danger in any form, and with those qualities he possessed all the gentleness and tenderness of a woman.

I have knocked about in the west and in the east with Buckey O'Neill for nearly twenty years, under all sorts of circumstances.

It was in the west, and particularly in Arizona, where Buckey was in his element; and he never lost that touch of the frontier that gave him a sort of awkwardness in New York. Here he felt out of his atmosphere. "My dear friend," he said to me once at the cafe at Delmonico's. "don't give me any more of those cigars, for soon I must go home, and if you don't stop I'll not be able to smoke our Arizona tobacco."

Then he fell to musing, and pretty soon said: "Thurlow, old man, someday I may get knocked suddenly off the perch. For a long time I have wanted to give you a bit of advice, and now, if you don't mind, let me do it, as I may never get another good opportunity. It is this: When you get into a stiff-necked-hand fight some time now, suppose it is in a saloon like this, for instance; those things happen to every man—remember what I say, for your life may depend upon it. The first thing you do, take a quick look over the entire outfit. Pass over all the tough, hard-looking cusses. They won't hurt anybody. In the West you need never fear the fierce-looking devil. Take a sharp look in a hurry for the quiet looking man, with light hair and blue eyes, and if he has got a smile on his face, kill him; kill him as quick as the Lord will let you or else jump out of the window, for if you don't he will kill you. The quiet men are the dangerous men always, and the most dangerous man in the whole world, when it comes to a fight, is the man who smiles."

Buckey did not know that in this rapid generalization he was drawing his own picture. In a fight no one could be quieter than he was, and at such times his expression was, to all appearances, uncommonly pleased. He cared no more for danger than he did for looking at a bicyclist. I see that some account has appeared of a long chase made by O'Neill when he was sheriff of Yavapai county,



THE DEATH OF "BUCKEY" O'NEILL  
DURING THE CHARGE OF THE ROUGH RIDERS AT LA QUASINA.

(From a N. Y. Journal correspondent's description.)

camp on the governor's trail for a long time to induce him to order that act of clemency and poetic justice.

There is but one instance in Buckey's life when he showed the white feather. He was living in Mexico at the time and unfortunately for him one of the women of the territory took a great fancy to Buckey. He tried to leave the place and get away where he could start life anew in another camp. She divined his intention and made up her mind to follow him. Buckey was not only badly scared, but actually run away, seizing the first handy horse, and not stopping to take any of his scant effect.

The woman was an expert shot, and aiming herself she chased him across the state line into New Mexico, where he got away and finally became private secretary to L. Bradford Prince, governor of New Mexico, located at Santa Fe. For a short time Buckey lived in peace, but a friend informed him that a Mexican woman was inquiring for him and he moved over into Tombstone, Ariz., where he took the name of Owen and sought work as a compositor. He was the fastest typesetter in the southwest, but did poor work, so as to conceal his identity, hoping that in time the trouble would blow over and he could pick up some money in his wagger.

It came at last. Some English capitalists arrived one day on a tour of inspection of United States mining properties. Buckey met them in a saloon and he instantly recognized that the opportunity he was seeking had arrived. He led the conversation up to typesetting and offered to back him self against any unknown the Englishmen could find in New Mexico.

After some little time arrangements were made and a date set. The Englishmen backed their man to the extent of several hundred dollars and Buckey, after giving a private exhibi-

### The True Story of Manila.

The following extracts from El Herald de Pucito Rico cannot help but be of interest. We know now how the Yankee fights. On sea neither his vessels, with nickel-plated armor, nor his many cannon of 20 centimeter calibre, are any use to him. Nor do the illustrious hogs with drooping snouts, endeavoring to fill up the holes which our insignificant cannon made in the invulnerable armor of their ships. And on land? Ah! On land it is the strangest and most surprising thing that our readers can imagine. Two armor-clads, three cruisers, six launches, armed with mitrailleuses and cannon; five lighters full of dirty and greasy anchors; all this was directed toward Spanish soil and proceeded noisily to Manila. But at Mariel were the Gerona riflemen, a gallant battalion that received the hogs a fair range. And, oh! Cowards! never before seen; those armor-clads, those cruisers, those launches, and those militiamen turned tail to the land and placed all their hopes in flight, thus saving their skins! Cowards! When the women of Kentucky or of New York hear of this they will present you with their best petticoats.

### Flying Rumors.

"That was a thrilling sight at that lodging-house fire!" said the shoe clerk boarder. "I got there just in time to see three men jumping out of the windows."

"Nothing remarkable in that," said the cheerful idiot. "The air is always filled with flying rumors in war times."—Indianapolis Journal.

rifles and all kinds of supplies had just reached Manila before we got there, and they all fell into our hands with the arsenal. I got six new torpedoes and other supplies for the Olympia, and a large quantity of stuff that was useless was destroyed by the fleet. We have, however, devoted most of our time to the blockade, and not a single vessel got in.

"As to the engagement, there is little to say. We went over to Manila and were not expected. I guess it was a case of 'manana' with our enemies, and they did not expect us. We had a hard time keeping the Olympia down to the slow speed required to carry out our calculations for arriving."

"I had no thought of mines or torpedoes, and we were in the van. We went up close to Manila, and when we found the fleet was not there circled around to Cavite, where they knew they knew he would be. We engaged them at once. I was with Farragut at Mobile bay, and did not expect to see anything of the kind again. Strange, but it was the thirty-fourth anniversary of Mobile. We went right in to finish them, and made every shot count."

"The admiral handled the fleet to the best advantage, and the work before it was done effectively. It would be impossible to single out individual cases of bravery. I could not on my ship, and the admiral could not in the fleet. I am proud to say every man did his duty. They were all at their posts and answered to every call of duty. We were hit thirteen times, but were not injured, and fired forty-three times from 6-inch and 28 times from 6-inch guns."

"I think I am in for it personally, but I could not leave the ship before the battle. Several of our fellows, including Captain Winter, of the Boston, had completed their time, but they stayed and fought it out. I can see only one result to this war. We are superior to the Latin and the Bourbon, and must conquer."



CAPTAIN JACK PHILIP, OF THE TEXAS.

Who called upon his entire crew, last Sunday morning, to offer thanks to God for the victory over the Spanish fleet at Santiago.